NEC TEMERE NEC TIMIDE
Sr. Clement Cottrell Kt.
Master of the Ceremonyes

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HVMORS ANTIQVE *FACES.*

Drawne in proportion to his seuerall Antique lestures.

LONDON
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To the Reader.

HE that to pleaſe all humors doth intend,
May well begin but neuer make an ende:
Since euerie humor hath his ſeuerall vaine,
Which in themſelues ſtrange obiects doe retaine
I then will write at random: hit as t'will,
If ſome be pleaſd ſome be vnpleaſed ſtill.
To him that likes it beſt, to him I ſend it,
Miſlike it not till you your ſelfe can mend it.
Then if my humor hath done humors wrong
Ile rather mend it or elſe hould my tongue.
Meane while comment but rightly on the text
I will preſent ſtrange faſhions to you next.

Prologue.

VNder the ſhadowe of the gloomy night,
When ſilent ſleepe arreſts each mortall wight,
When fayrie *Oberon* and his night Queene
In *Cinthias* honor friskes ore euerie greene.
Sleepe, parting from mee, gaue intention light
To finde ſome ſubiect for my pen to wright.
When muſing how the world I beſt might fit,
I ſaw how Poets humor'd out their wit.
Nay then thought I, write all of what they liſt,
Once in my daies ile proue a humoriſt.
When on the Sudden as I thought the thing,
I was encountred by the Fayrie King.
Mortall (quoth hee) I charge thee to ingage,
Thy pen to ſcourge the humors of this age,
Thou ſhalt not neede to make a long relation,
What thou canſt get by tediouſe obſeruation.
Fayries haue left their lowe infernall places,
The ſeuerall formes of humors in their faces.
Take what, and where thou liſt while it is night,
But ſend them home before the day be light.

O by

Epigram.

O By your leaue I pray you giue them vent,
Heere comes braue courtship gallant complement
Hee meetes his friend nay then he keepes a ſtur,
Illuſtrous, generous, moſt accompliſht Sur.
Kiſſes his hand and ſends it to his foote
As if he ought ſome duetie to his boote.
Phœbus bright lampe good halfe an houte might burne,
Courtly contending, eäch doth keepe his turne.
Vntill their Courtſhip peſter ſo the way,
By comes a cart, and then diſſolues the fray.
Then out comes wordes more eloquent then Hermes,
The quinteſſence of all your Inkehothe termes.
As we are Alians I am ſorrie thoe,
Tis your defect Sir: you will haue it ſoe.
Moſte admirable be the wordes they ſpeake,
T' expreſſe their mindes plaine engliſh is to weake.
To theſe ſtrange wordes, which theſe braue gallants
A courtly conge is the Epilogue. (congie,
For hauing now ſo frankely ſpent their ſtore,
Needes muſt they parte when they can ſpeake no more

Epigrams.

A Hanſome fellow and a proper Squire,
A little hanging would promote him higher,
A man I tell you of the better ſorte,
Amongſt his equals hath a good reporte,
His dealings on the market day doth fall
At newgate market, Cheape and Leaden-Hall.
He is a taker, indeede is he ſoe,
I meane a taker vp of Purſes thoe:
This fellowe comming lately downe Cheape-ſide,
A ſemall bootie ſuddenly eſpide.
Twas Market day, but quight out of his minde:
For he had left his Inſtruments behinde.
But his conceite that is no barren ſpring,
With little muſing had bethought a thing.
Was it the womans lucke or fortune whether
That ſhe ſhould weare both purſe and knife together?
The Cut-purſe ſwore and bound it with a curſe,
The womans knife ſhould cut the womans purſe,
And did it too: good reaſon by my troth,
For would you that a man ſhould breake his oathe,
Twas not for neede I pray conceaue the beſt,
His humor was to cut a Purſe in ieſt.

Roome

Epigram.

ROome Sirs, I pray for Bachus Couſen heere,
Whoſe paunch (the fatal tombe to al good cheare)
Welters in tallowe and huge cakes of greaſe,
Such burlie fellowes make good men of peace,
He is of ſuch a huge inſatiat ſize
His whole daies worke nothing but gurmandize.
He has a belly circular and rounde,
Is neuer full, O ſir it is profound.
He has a huge and dreadefull fierie noſe,
God bleſſe Paules ſteeple when hee puffes and blowes,
He dares not goe vngirded not two meales,
For then his guts would fall about his heeles.
Poore Painters were vndone if he were dead,
They looſe the patterne of a Sarzens head,
I met him once riding downe Holborne late,
I ſurely thought the mouth at Biſhops-gate
Had been on progreſſe, out in Oxfordſhire
For to deuoure all Mutton and porredge there.
Well blame not him, he has a care to carue,
For otherwiſe poore church-yard wormes wold ſtarue.

Sweete

Epigram.

Sweete Signeor ſwash was late orecome with paſsion
Becauſe his life was quite worne out of faſhion:
For he proteſts, nay and you wil, heele ſweare
That he hath bin in London halfe a yeare.
Yet all this while that hee in London lay:
Twas not his luckeſo much as ſee a play.
Nay which is more, he hath not ſeene great Huncker,
Nor yet hath bin in Shor-ditch mongſt his Puncker.
And God forgiue him he is not preciſe,
Much to frequent any good exerciſe.
Why this is ſtrange a riddle not a rime,
Where hath this gallant yonker ſpent his time.
To tell the Ieſt I thinke t'will make you ſmile,
He hath bin in the Counter all this while.

One

Epigram.

ONe tolde a Courſer where he ſhould repayre,
And finde a field wel fraught with praunſing ware
Whither he went without let or denyall
Before he bought, thinking to ſteale a tryall.
Some two or three he backes, but doth reiourne,
The dull pac'd Iades they wold not ſerue his turne,
At laſt he back'd one, whoſe heeles did rebound,
As if his vaultage ſeemde to ſcorne the ground.
And though his rider keept him on the racke,
Ran quight away, his chapman on his backe.
His courage was of ſuch a fierie pitch,
As bore the Courſer ouer hedge and ditch.
But ſeeing one he feared would reueale him,
He raygn'd him in, he did not meane to ſteale him.
It was the owner, then he keepes a ſturre,
Houlds backe his head, but giues his ſides the Spurre.
As if indeede he could not holde him ſtill,
But that he ſtole a Horſe againſt his will.
Nothing but this, yet he was hang'd they ſay,
Becauſe the horſe did carrie him away.

Epigram.

DOe you knowe this fellowe in the veluet Iacket
His firſt beginning was with, what doe ye lacke?
But now indeede the man in age doth droppe,
Therefore vnfit to keepe a Tradet-mans Shoppe.
And he hath found the trade of bonds and bibles,
The Deuill found it for his owne Deſciples.
A Vſurer, O Sir tis verie true!
A faithfull villaine and an honeſt Iewe.
He will not ſticke to lend his money foorth,
So hee haue pawne for fiue times more then worth.
Hee'le lend you money vppon all your ſtate,
Be it in Landes, in Iewels, or in plate.
Heele ſmooth you vp, and ſpeake you wondrous faire,
Pay when you can ſome weekes ſhall breake no ſquare.
Truſt not his kindeneſſe, then your caſe is euill,
As good to be behoulding to the Deuill.

If

Epigram.

IF you to knowe this gallant doe desire,
Hee is the offspring of a couetous sire,
No sooner is the Father dead, scarce colde,
But his braue Sonne beguilds his purse with golde.
Vnto his Fathers Closset doth he hie,
In faith he longs to see these Angelles flie.
Where like some potent fellowe in his tumes,
Ruffles his feathers and displayes his plumes.
And for his signet take, his fathers ring
Angel his subiects; O most gallant King,
To whome as one to pitie onely bent,
(Saith he) I long bewayld your prisonment.
My father he kept you in slauerie,
But I am come to giue you libertie,
Next he takes care if he shall liue or not,
To spend the wealth his couetous Father got.

Good faith tis trewe his worſhippe lackes a man,
Heele make a ſhift heele ſpend it if he can:
Ten pound a yeare heele giue, each day three meales,
Onely to carrie golde after his heeles.
To beare foorth preſents, bee his apple ſquire,
To make a legge, and ſay *Ouy Mounſire.*
This being done out of the doores hee throwes,
To ſeeke companions my young Maſter goes.
Some twentie pound this day he doth diſburſe,
He ſcornes to bring home fragments in his purſe,
Ere long his father muſt be layde in clay,
And then he ſweares heele make that day a day,
All the good Lads in England at the leaſt,
Muſt lend their preſence for to grace his feaſt,
Thus euerie day he reuels and makes ſporte,
Why he doth well his Kingdome is but ſhort.

Epigram.

BVt who is this that cometh creeping heere,
That like the King at Hunger doth appeare,
O tis the braue reſolued Gentleman,
That taketh Phiſicke therefore looketh wan,
A ſtrong purgation, hee hath had of late,
It purg'd his Purſe and hath refind his ſtate.
His purpoſe is to liue at reſt and quiet,
Therefore hath bound himſelfe to keepe a diet,
For theſe a weeke he doth abſtaine to eate,
Not for deuotion, but for lacke of meate,
Alas good prodigall he knowes not where to dine,
His ordinarie is amongſt the ſwine.
I was a foole (quoth hee) to thinke this thing,
That golden Angells had bin lame of wing.

Whoſe

Who dares not truſt his wife before his eye:
Aborne plague meetes him for his Iealouſie.

Epigram.

A Fellowe once diſeaſed in the head,
Liu'd much in doubt that he was cuckoled,
He asked counſell of his neighbor by,
If any meanes there were the truth to trie?
His friend comes ore him with a wondrous ſtorie,
Of Saint Luke ſhare the Cuckoldes conſiſtorie.
And ſayes i'ſt pleaſe him thither to repayre,
All night to inuocate that Saint with prayer,
If it were ſo, he did aſſure him well,
Ere morning come the Oracle would tell.
Till night was come my foole liu'd in confuſion,
He was a fyer to trie this ſtrange concluſion.
Well hee is ſhipped off at Lyon kaye,
For his boone voyage at Saint Lucas baye.
He landed, doth vnto the alter goe
Whereon amaz'd he ſaw great hornes to growe.
He makes his prayer, tels the poſte his plight,
All a colde, long, and teadiouſe winter night.

And

And euerie night-Bird that he hear'd to creake,
He ſtill ſuppos'd the Oracle would ſpeake.
Meane while his friend (he did before importune)
Supplide his roome and gaue my foole his fortune.
Well, morne is come no voice that hee can heare,
Hee thankes the Saint that his good wife is cleere.
Hauing performed his obſequious rightes,
Forthwith is dub'd one of Saint *Lucas* Knights.
Tis for his praiſe I hope, hee hath ingroſte,
A payre of hornes more on Saint *Lucas* poſte.
Increaſt himſelfe although his wit was worne,
For he returned heauier by the horne.
Well home he comes thinking to take a nappe,
Alas his head had quight out growen his cappe.
This made him wonder but his wife was cleene,
He rather thought *Diana* he had ſeene.

A Poore

Epigram.

A Poore Slaue once with penurie afflicted,
Yet to Tobacco mightily addicted
Sayes, they that take Tobacco keepes their health,
Are worthie fellowes in a common wealth.
For if (sayth he) Tobacco were our cheare,
Then other victuals neuer would be deere.
Fye on excesse it makes men faint and meeke,
A pennie loafe might serue a man a weeke.
Were we conform'd to the Camelions fare,
To liue by smoake as they doe liue by ayre.
O how ont men oppresse and spoyle their sence,
in making hauoke of the elements.
He can giue reason for what he hath spoake,
My Salamander liues by fire and smoake.
Necessitie doth cause him to repeate,
Tobaccos praise for want of other meate.

A Iolly

Epigram.

A Iolly fellow Eſſex borne and bred,
A Farmers Sonne his Father being dead,
T'expell his griefe and melancholly paſſions,
Had vowd himſelfe to Trauell and ſee fashions.
His great mindes obiect was no trifling toy,
But to put downe the wandring Prince of Troy;
Londons diſcouerie, firſt he doth decide,
His man muſt be his Pilot and his guide.
Three miles he had not paſt, there he muſt ſtay:
He ask't if he were not neere London yet?
His man replies, good Sir your ſelfe beſturre,
For we haue yet to goe ſixe times as farre.
Alas I had rather ſtay at home and digge,
I had not thought the worlde was halfe ſo bigge.
Thus this great worthie comes backe thoe with ſtrife,
he neuer was ſo farre in all his life.
None of the ſeauen worthies: on his behalfe,
Say, was not he a worthie Eſſex Calfe?

C. A Gentleman

The Humors that haunt a VVife.

A Gentleman a verie friend of mine,
Hath a young wife and she is monstrous fine,
Shee's of the newe fantastique humor right,
In her attire an angell of the light:
Is she an Angell? Ist it may be well,
Not of the light, she is a light Angell.
Forsooth his doore must suffer alteration,
To entertaine her mightie huge Bom-fashion,
A hoode's to base, a hat which she doth male,
With braueſt feathers in the Estridge tayle.
She scornes to treade our former proud wiues traces.
That put their glorie in their owne faire face,
In her conceite it is not fayre enough
She must reforme it with your painters stuffe,
And she is neuer merrie at the heart,
Till she be got into her leatherne Cart.
Some halfe a mile the Coach-man guides the raynes,
Then home againe, birlady she takes paines.
My friend seeing what humors haunt a wife,
If he weare loose would leade a single life.

Next

A Poore Mans pollicy.

NExt I will tell you of a poore mans tricke,
Which he did practise with a politicke,
This poore man had a Cowe cwas all his stocke,
Which on the Commons fed: where Catell flocke,
The other had a fleete a wanton Beast,
Which he did turne to feede amongst the rest,
Which in processe although I know not how,
The rich mans Oxe did gore the poore mans Cow,
The poore man hereat vexed waxed sad,
For it is all the liuing that he had,
And he must loose his liuing for a song,
Alas he knew not how to right his wrong.
He knew his enemie had pointes of law,
To saue his purse, fill his deuouring mawe,
Yet thought the poore man how so it betide,
Ile make him giue right sentence on my side.

Without delay vnto the Man he goes,
And vnto him this feyned tale doth gloze,
(Quoth he) my Cowe which with your Oxe did feede,
Hath kild your Oxe and I make knowne the deede.
Why (quoth my Politique) thou shouldst haue holpt it
Thou shalt pay for him if thou wert my father. (rather,
The course of lawe in no wise must be stayde,
Least I an euill president be made.
O Sir (quoth he) I cry you mercie nowe,
I did mistake, your Oxe hath gorde my Cowe.
Conuict by reason he began to brawle,
But was content to let his action fall.
As why? (quoth he) thou lookst vnto her well,
Could I preuent the mischeife that befell?
I haue more weightie causes now to trie.
Might orecomes right without a reason why.

One

Epigram.

ONe of the damned crew that liues by drinke,
And by Tobacco's ſtillified ſtinke
Met with a Countrie man that dwelt at Hull
Thought he this peaſant's fit to be my Gull.
His firſt ſalute like to the French-mans wipe,
Wordes of encounter, pleaſe you take a pipe?
The Countrie man amazed at this rable,
Knewe not his minde yet would be conformable.
Well in a petty Ale-houſe they enſconce
His Gull muſt learne to drinke Tobacco once.
Indeede his purpoſe was to make a ieſt,
How with Tobacco he the peaſant dreſt.
Hee takes a whiffe, with arte into his head,
The other ſtandeth ſtill aſtoniſhed.
Till all his ſences he doth backe reuoke,
Sees it aſcend much like Saint Katherins ſmoake.

But this indeede made him the more admire,
He ſaw the ſmoke: thought he his head a fyer,
And to increaſe his feare he thought poore ſoule,
His ſcarlet noſe had been a fyerie cole.
Which circled round with Smoke, ſeemed to him
Like to ſome rotten brand that burneth dim.
But to ſhew wiſdome in a deſperat caſe,
He threw a Can of beere into his face,
And like a man ſome furie did inſpire,
Ran out of doores for helpe to quench the fire.
The Ruffin throwes away his Trinidado,
Out comes huge oathes and then his ſhort poynado,
But then the Beere ſoe troubled his eyes,
The countrie man was gon ere he could riſe,
A fier to drie him he doth now require,
Rather then water for to quench his fire.

Come

Epigram.

COme my braue gallant come vncaſe, vncaſe,
Neare ſhall Obliuion your great actes deface.
He has been there where neuer man came yet,
An vnknowne countrie, I, ile warrant it,
Whence he could Ballace a good ſhip inholde:
With Rubies, Saphers, Diamonds and golde,
Great Orient Pearles eſteem'd no more then moates,
Sould by the pecke as chandlers meaſure oates,
I meruaile then we haue no trade from thence,
O tis to far it will not beare expence.
Twere far indeede, a good way from our mayne,
If charges eate vp ſuch exceſſiue gaine,
Well he can ſhew you ſome of Lybian grauel,
O that there were another world to trauel,
I heard him ſweare that hee (twas in his mirth)
Had been in all the corners of the earth.

Let

Let all his wonders be together ſtitcht,
He threw the barre that great *Alcides* pitcht:
But he that ſawe the Oceans fartheſt ſtrands,
You poſe him if you aske where Douer ſtands.
He has been vnder ground and hell did ſee
Aeneas neare durſt goe ſo farre a hee.
For he hath gone through *Plutos* Regiment,
Saw how the Feindes doe Lyers there torment.
And how they did in helles damnation frye,
But who would thinke the Traueller would lye?
To dine with *Pluto* he was made to tarrie,
As kindely vs'd as at his Ordinarie.
Hogſheades of wine drawne out into a Tub,
Where hee did drinke hand-ſmooth with *Belzebub*,
And *Proſerpine* gaue him a goulden bow
Tis in his cheſt he cannot ſhew it now.

One tould

Of one that couſned the Cut-purſe.

ONe toulde a Drouer that beleeu'd it not,
What booties at the playes the Cut-purſe got,
But if' twere ſo my Drouers wit was quicke,
He vow'd to ſerue the Cut-purſe a new tricke.
Next day vnto the play, pollicy hy'd,
A bagge of fortie ſhillings by his ſide,
Which houlding faſt hee taketh vp his ſtand,
If ſtringes be cut his purſe is in his hand.
A fine conceited Cut-purſe ſpying this,
Lookt for no more, the fortie ſhillings his,
Whilſt my fine Politique gazed about,
The Cut-purſe feately tooke the bottom out.
And cuts the ſtrings, good foole goe make a ieſt,
This Diſmall day thy purſe was fairely bleſt.
Houlde faſt good Noddy tis good to dreade the worſe,
Your monie's gone, I pray you keepe your purſe.
The Play is done and foorth the foole doth goe,
Being glad that he couſned the Cut-purſe ſoe.
He thought to iybe how he the Cut-purſe dreſt,
And memorize it for a famous ieſt.
But putting in his hand it ran quight throw
Daſh't the conceite, heele neuer ſpeake on't now,
You that to playes haue ſuch delight to goe,
The Cut-purſe cares not, ſtill deceiue him ſo.

A drunken fray.

Dicke met with *Tom* in faith it was their lot,
Two honeſt Drunkards muſt goe drinke a pot,
Twas but a pot or ſay a little more,
Or ſay a pot that,s filled eight times ore.
But beeing drunke, and met well with the leeſe,
They drinke to healthes deuourly on their knees,
Dicke drinkes to *Hall* to pledge him *Tom* reiectes,
And ſcornes to doe it for ſome odde reſpects
Wilt thou not pledge him that't a gull, a Scab,
Wert with my man-hood thou deſerueſt a ſtab,
But tis no matter drinke another bout,
Weele into't'h field and there weele trie it out.
Lets goe (ſaies Tom) no longer by this hand,
Nay ſtay (quoth Dicke) lets ſee if we can ſtand.
Then foorth they goe after the Drunken pace,
Which God he knowes was with a reeling grace,
Tom made his bargaine, thus with bonnie Dicke
If it ſhould chance my foote or ſo ſhould ſlipp,
How wouldſt thou vſe me or after what Size,
Wouldſt pare me ſhorter or wouldſt let me riſe,
Nay God forbid our quarrells not ſo great,
To kill thee on aduantage in my heate.

Tuſh

Tush wee'le not fight for any hate or ſoe,
But for meere loue that each to other owe.
And for thy learning loe Ile ſhew a tricke,
No ſooner ſpoke the worde but downe comes Dicke,
Well now (quoth Tom) thy life hangs on my ſword,
If I were downe how wouldſt thou keepe thy worde?
Why with theſe hilts I'de braine thee at a blow,
Faith in my humor cut thy throate or ſoe,
But *Tom* he ſcornes to kill his conquered foe,
Lets *Dicke* ariſe and too't againe they goe.
Dicke throwes downe *Tom* or rather *Tom* did fall,
My hilts (quoth *Dicke*) ſhall braine thee like a maull,
Is't ſo (quoth *Tom* good faith what remedie,
The Tower of Babelles fallen and ſoe am I
But *Dicke* proceedes to giue the fatall wound,
It miſt his throate: but run into the ground,
but he ſuppoſing that the man was ſlaine,
Straight fled his countrie, ſhipt himſelfe for Spaine,
Whilſt valiant Thomas dyed dronken deepe,
Forgot his danger and fell faſt a ſleepe.

Epigram.

WHats he that ſtares as if he were affright? (ſpright
The fellowe Sure hath ſeene ſome dreadfull
Maſſe rightly gueſt, why ſure I did diuine,
Hee's haunted with a Spirit feminine.
In plaine termes thus, the Spirit that I meane,
His martiall wife that notable curſt queane,
No other weapons but her nailes or fiſt,
Poore patient Ideot he dares not reſiſt,
His neighbor once would borrow huthis knife,
Good neighbor ſtay (quoth hee) ile aske my wife.
Once came he home Inſpired in the head,
Hee found his neighbor and his wife a bed,
Yet durſt not ſturre, but hide him in a hole,
He feared to diſpleaſe his wife poore ſole.
But why ſhould he ſo dreade and feare her hate,
Since ſhe had giuen him armour for his pate?
Next day forſooth he doth his neighbor meete,
Whome with ſterne rage thus furiouſly doth greete,
Villaine ile ſlit thy noſe, out comes his knife,
Sirra (quoth he) goe to Ile tell your wife.
Apaled at which terror meekely ſaide
Retire good knife my furie is all laide.

Time

Proteus.

TIme ſeruing humour thou wrie-faced Ape,
That canſt transforme thy ſelfe to any ſhape;
Come good *Proteus* come away apace,
We long to ſee thy mumping Antique face;
This is the fellow that liues by his wit,
A cogging knaue and fawning Parraſit,
He has behauiour for the greateſt porte,
And hee has humors for the raſcall ſorte,
He has been greate with Lordes and high eſtates,
They could not liue without his rare conceites,
He was aſſociat for the braueſt ſpirits,
His gallant carriage ſuch fauour merrits.
Yet to a Ruffin humor for the ſtewes,
A right graund Captaine of the damned crewes,
With whome his humour alwaies is vnſtable
Mad, melancholly, drunke and variable.

Hat without band like cutting Dicke he go'es,
Renowned for his new inuented oathes.
Sometimes like a Ciuilian tis ſtrange
At twelue a clocke he muſt vnto the Change,
Where being thought a Marchant to the eye,
Heetels ſtrange newes his humor is to lie.
Some Damaske coate the effect thereof muſt heare,
Inuites him home and there he gets good cheare.
but how is't now ſuch braue renowned wits,
Weare ragged robes with ſuch huge gaſtly ſlitts,
Faith thus a ragged humor he hath got
Whole garments for the Summer are to hot.
Thus you may cenſure gently if you pleaſe,
He weares ſuch Garments onely for his eaſe.
Or thus, his creadit will no longer waue.
For all men know him for a prating knaue.

Vaniſh

Epilogue.

VAniſh ye hence ye changelings of the night,
For I deſcry your enemie the light:
Flye through the weſterne Gate ſee you darke gleames,
Leaſt in the eaſt you meete with Phœbus beames
Deſcend into your Orbes I ſay begon,
And thanke your gentle Maſter Oberon.
Tell him how well your geſtures fit our rime,
being roughly moded in ſo ſhort a time.
For what you ſee preſented to your ſight,
I onely write to tyer out the night,
Wherein if you delight to heere me ſing
Weele haue more trafique with the fayrie King. *E. M.*

FINIS.